

HELFENSTEIN'S

Readings for the Million.

A collection of SPARKLING GEMS and HUMOROUS ANECDOTES.

FOR GRATUITOUS CIRCULATION.

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1859.

good and hearty laugh. With this short preface we leave it with you. Around your happy fireside read it aloud to your gathered family, in whose confidence and love may you ever repose, with earth's choicest blessings at your command. To one and all a successful and

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

J. S. HELFENSTEIN,

GENERAL JOB PRINTER,

Third St. above Chestnut, west side.

Copies will be cheerfully given on application at the office.

G e m s .

A Mother's name claims from the world RESPECT,
and from her children HONOR.

THERE is a sorrow far too deep for words, too proud for tears. Like death, it veils its dignity in silence, and only speaks its presence in its impress.

THE poor are God's children. He blesses those who aid them.

IN the shifting eye we may often read the heart's true character.

WHO, in tracing the action of Providence, shall venture to declare how much is accident, how much design?

LOVE too often blinds our better reason.

GUILT for a while may flourish, innocence sink beneath the shade of calumny and ill, but justice at last, like the bright sun, shall break majestic forth—the shield of innocence, the guard of truth.

WE can but watch the hand upon the dial-plate of TIME. Our vain regrets, our impatient murmurings, will not accelerate its pace one hour.

THE love of life is perhaps the last sentiment which abandons us.

EARTH has many a gem more prized, but none more pure, *than manly friendship's honest, priceless tear.*

POWER and wealth are worthless, when the heart is ashes.

THERE is a refuge which even insult must respect, and vice cannot approach—THE GRAVE.

THERE are outrages worse to a noble mind than death

THERE are many roads to greatness, and the courageous heart cannot fail to find one.

LOVE in the virtuous, well-governed heart, is a pure, gentle stream, fertilizing and refreshing all that it embraces. In the unholy breast it is a torrent, whose pathway is destruction and desolation.

To some minds virtue is ever worthless. There are men who judge mankind after their own vile standard.

GEMS upon the brow can never heal the wound which rankles in the heart.

THE fallen have seldom friends.

WORDS cannot change the quality of things; praise cannot make our vices virtues, or blame make virtues vices.

FANATICISM is always dangerous.


THERE are moments in which Time unlocks the portals of the Future, to strengthen and forewarn us.

HELFENSTEIN'S READINGS

The orders we are prepared to fill, were we to enumerate them, would fill a volume. Here are a few of them :

CHECKS, BILLS LADING,
NOTES, INSURANCE POLICIES,
DRAFTS, CIRCULARS,
CARDS, BILL-HEADS,
PAMPHLETS, CATALOGUES,
DRUGGISTS' PRICES CURRENT, LABELS, &c.

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 Remember, our Office is No. 38 (Old No. 26,) South Third St. above Chestnut, west side.

J. S. HELFENSTEIN.

TRUE friends are rare. They are like shadows, seen only in the sunshine.

AMBITION is ingenious in its justification.

THERE are those who will not learn wisdom from the past.

THE best intentions must sometimes wear a mask.

WHEN Nature's simplest tastes are given, her purer feelings accompany the gift.

THE sword of Justice becomes an assassin's knife, when guided by private hatred or revenge.

IN the flowers that wreath the bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.

IT is always safe to learn, even from our enemies—seldom safe to instruct, even our friends.

NEVER forget, even in want, the love due to your fellow-sufferers.

JUDGE charitably and act kindly to each other.

THERE are worse pangs than those of penury.

How poor, even in this beautiful world, with the warm sun and fresh air about us, would be life, if we did not contribute to the happiness of others.

THE magic of the tongue is the most dangerous of all spells, when enlisted on the side of evil.

THERE lingers about the human heart a strong inclination to look upward—to revere.

WHEN the heart pleads, the judgment is sometimes silent.

MEN do not fall as the archangels fell. From purity to the extreme of sin a gradual change succeeds.

MAN reads the crime, but Heaven the temptation.

THERE are lines so deeply traced upon the heart, death's icy fingers can alone efface them.

BBETTER to die with an unmerited stain upon the name, than to live to bear within the heart the fires of remorse.

FRIENDSHIP—the coin with which man cheats his fellow.

WOMAN'S wit will often find the key where man's boasted wisdom fails.

THAT which is deferred is far from lost.

THE courage, both physical and moral, rises with temptation and danger. Both are frequently confronted by the weakest natures, when unexpectedly called to brave them.

HOW beautiful were earth, how rich in joys, did not man's evil nature mar the bounteous gifts of Providence. The Serpent which tempted him in Eden dwells no longer in the garden, but in his heart.

THE Devil, when he tempts mankind, is sure to wear an angel's face.

THEY little know the world who deem the gaudiest casket hides the richest gem.

STAINED as earth's flowers are by the trail of Eden's serpent, buds may yet be found untainted by the venom of its falsehood.

THE memories of great men fade not like idle dreams.

THERE is a dignity which crowns cannot bestow, or tyranny destroy—the dignity of virtue.

WEALTH may command the marble's stately lie, the herald's blazon, and the poet's verse, giving to infamy the reward of honor—but one single tear on grateful virtue's cheek, is praise which speaks the judgment of the heart.

It is strange, when laboring under the influence of fear, how quick the eye and ear become; the falling of a leaf, the rustling of a veil, the

waving of a plume, fixes the latter, while the sight measures the depth and outline of a shadow.

No book so sealed but time unfolds the page, and keen-eyed Justice reads the record of our crimes at last.

THERE are respects where even power must pause.

HEAVEN is not less prepared to strike because its arm is veiled in clouds.

A TRUTH once uttered is immortal, and can never be destroyed.

THERE IS A GOD. Passion's clouds may veil him from our gaze, the mists of sophistry obscure the eye of reason, but His all-glorious presence is not less reflected back from Nature as a mirror.

WHAT is friendship, if a doubt can shake it?

THE song of the untaught bird will oft entrance the ear more than the practiced warbler in its gilded cage.

WERE there no struggle, where would be the triumph?

HEAVEN asks no sacrifice of virtue or of principle, as a means of right. Its altar would reject it.

THE resolution that will keep is silent; weakness alone expends itself in words.

TRUTH needs no defence. She is protected in the majesty of her own presence.

DEEDS of mercy never perish.

How fierce are human passions, when uncontrolled by conscience and religion.

THE vilest criminal has the right to be heard in his defence.

FREEDOM is man's inalienable right, stamped by the Almighty Father on his form when he went forth creation's chartered lord.

PERHAPS there is no feeling of the human heart so pure, so unstained by selfishness or passion, as the love which children bear their mother. How often, in after life, when the grave has closed around that parent's form, will a word, a look, recall to mind that guardian of our infant years—that confidant of childhood's sorrow. Again her eyes, beaming with affection, seem to dwell on ours. Again her voice breathes sweet reproof, or whispers consolation in our ears.

THE strong effort of self-control is sometimes more fearful than the wildest storms of passion.

THERE is an hour which calms the tempest of life's stormy passions, and brings the weary, long-worn, restless spirit peace—the hour of prayer.

THE world, 'tis true, is thickly spread with briars and foul weeds, yet does the modest flow-

OPENING OF THE SPRING TRADE.—It is generally conceded that the approaching season will be one of unusual activity, and will afford the enterprising Business Man an opportunity of reaping a rich harvest, if he is only alive to the prospect before him. We would therefore advise him to take time by the forelock, by calling to his aid that tremendous engine of progress, the PRINTING PRESS. Its offspring, CARDS, CIRCULARS, &c., are the omnipotence of trade. We need scarcely advise that the place to get good PRINTING, at moderate prices, is at HELFENSTEIN'S, Third St. above Chestnut.

Do you wish to prosper in your business, and go ahead of the rest of your competitors, building up, at the same time, a reputation that will be of lasting importance to you as an enterprising Merchant, then make a judicious outlay in PRINTING. We are prepared to print anything you may require, and will always cheerfully lend our advice and assistance in arranging and getting up whatever you may need. Give us a call.

er, in its beauty and its fragrance, still gladden the heart and cheer the eye.

THE man who wastes his spring of life, unloving and unloved, leaving unfulfilled the ends of his creation, casting aside the tender ties of husband, parent, friend, may reach indifference, but rarely happiness.

As well ask the hawk to forego its prey, when poised to make the deadly swoop, or lure the bloodhound from the track it hath followed for days, as to expect the Slanderer to forego the prize which he believes to be within his reach.

CRAVEN guilt crouches beneath the voice of accusation, but innocence fears not the lightning, and defies the storm.

THERE are beings in this world so practised in the wiles of crime, that even from virtue's self they could weave the net that would entangle it.

SLANDER'S weapon strikes alike the noble and the clown, nor stays to ask the difference of degree.

Words at best are but a poor vent for a wronged and burning heart.

THERE are seasons, often in the most dark and turbulent periods of our life, when, why we know not, we are suddenly called from ourselves by the remembrances of early childhood. Something touches the electric chain, and lo, a host of shadowy and sweet recollections steal upon us.

WHAT a beautiful fabric would be human nature, what a divine guide would be human reason, if love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other!

LIVES there one man for whom prayer is unavailing?

OF all the conditions to which the heart is subject, suspense is the one that most gnaws and cankers into the frame.

HOW often 'tis the lot of man to suffer—suffer *alone*; and, like the wounded eagle on the rock, pine in solitude away. Plant not then a thorn where thou shouldst plant a rose.

THOUGH the forbearance of Heaven may be regarded as impunity, and in fancied security its vengeance defied—though the steps of Divine justice are sometimes slow, they are sure. Her hand is iron, and her blow is death.

THERE is no state so wretched, no fate so dark, but one kind ray of mercy, one gentle word, yet may cheer it.

'TIS natural to mourn for those we love; life, from the cradle to the grave, teaches no other lesson; but sorrow never should destroy our usefulness—never should prevent the gentle exercise of charity and mercy.

It is not the altar's streaming incense; it is not the costly offering of superfluous wealth, which forms the sacrifice that Heaven demands, but the more active exercise of virtue, shielding the innocent and aiding the oppressed.

THE hour is coming—and it is a fearful and solemn hour, even to the wisest and the best—when we must bid adieu to scenes which please us, to the families we love, to the friends we esteem.

A TONE, a look, how oft it awakes some long-forgotten echo in the heart.

WE may banish the remembrance of the weakness of our human nature, we may tremble at the prospect of dissolution, but our reluctance to reflect upon it, and our attempts to drive it from our recollection, are in vain.

WE know that we are sentenced to die, and though we may sometimes succeed in easting off for a season the conviction of this unwelcome truth, we can never entirely remove it.

IT is with ideas as with pieces of money, those of least value generally circulate the most.

WE may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and the lives of most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts; whatever of memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the school-master, the rays which make that little day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearth-stone.

EFFORT is the price of success in every department of human action.

THE man who shrinks from difficulty in his business or profession—who refuses to climb because the rock is sharp and the way steep—must make up his mind to slide back, and be in the shadow below, while others use him as a stepping-stone to their own rising.

WITH a brave heart and unconquerable spirit every man should address himself to the work of the day, striving, with pure views and religious trust, for an increase of his talent, and for a victory, which shall enable him to stand unabashed at the last day. He who strives need no failure. His triumph, though delayed for a short time, shall come at last.

GRATITUDE is the incense of the heart; and the more humble the altar from which it rises, the more acceptable the offering.

THE heart is a mystery to all but Him who made it.

AN angel's wing would droop if long at rest.

THERE are occasions in life in which the services of a friend may be honorably asked and accepted, without compromising our independence.

How often has the recollection of a mother's prayers, a mother's lessons, turned the wavering soul from crime, softened the hardest nature, and called tears from the living rock.

NOTHING is so entrancing as vice. Its first steps are slow and hesitating; the succeeding ones increase in rapid arithmetical progression, till at last they hurry its bewildered victim headlong to destruction's brink, and all power of controlment is lost.

EVEN at the moment when we most despair, the shield of Providence may be extended over us.

How readily the mother's heart listens to the praises of her child.

WORDS of good advice, or truths uttered in season, are seldom thrown away.

WE believe there are few men, no matter how immersed in crime, in whom the voice of conscience does not sometimes make itself heard.

LIKE the ivy around some ruined wall, a mother's love elings the closer to the wreck which vice, folly, or misfortune has made.

COULD the final consequences of our first step in sin be shown, few would have the hardihood to take it.

NOTHING is more degrading to humanity than the insolence of wealth.

WHILE the world risks so much for profit, shall none be run for honor?

IN extreme opinions, truth generally lies between the two.

WHEN the heart is ill at ease, the eye is difficult to please, even with the beauties of nature.

AGE and youth have both their dreams.

Go AHEAD.—Don't stop because your neighbor does. Push right along. Keep your business before the public. Invest a few dollars in something less than a Million Cards, and pass them out freely, and you will find your business increasing so fast that you can hardly keep pace with it.

It is a question beyond dispute, that the greatest auxiliary to success in business is the PRINTING PRESS. HELFENSTEIN has a number of them at your command.

TURN to page 8, and see a short list of the Orders we are prepared to fill, at moderate prices, and with promptness and dispatch.

FIRST IN THE FIELD of Competition are always those Merchants who seize upon all the availabilities of the age, and turn them to their own advantage. They lose no time in pondering what they mean to do, but having quickly resolved, as quickly execute. And their first step is to HELFENSTEIN'S PRINTING OFFICE—why, it is not necessary to repeat.

Wit and Humor.

MRS. SMITH has company to dinner, and there are not strawberries enough. She looks at Mr. S. with a sweet smile, and offers to help him, (at the same time touching him gently with her slipper under the table.) He always replies, "No, I thank you, dear, they don't agree with me."

A GENTLEMAN was promenading a fashionable street, with a bright little boy at his side, when the little fellow called out, "Oh, pa, there goes an editor!"

"Hush, son," said the father, "don't make fun of the poor man; you don't know what you may come to yet."

"A LAWYER," says Lord Brougham, "is a gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it himself."

AN Irishman being asked on a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head, and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

"MR. CONDUCTOR, does the railroad stop here?"

"No, marm, the cars stop here, but the railroad goes right on to Albany."

Scene closes with a green parasol patting a blue covered book on the back.

"Well," said his honor to a negro, who had been hauled up for stealing a pullet, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Noffin but dis, boss; I was crazy as a bed bug when I stole dat ar pullet, coz I might hab stole de big rooster, and I ncher done it. Dat shows 'clusively dat I was under delirium tremendous."

WHY is a married man like a candle? Because he sometimes goes out at night when he ought not to.

A LITTLE girl meeting a countryman with a load of slaughtered swine, dropped a curtsey. The rustic laughed, without returning the civility.

"What," said he, "do you curtsey to the dead hogs?"

"No, sir," replied the little miss, "I curtsied to the *live one*."

"PEOPLE may say what they will about country air being so good for 'em," said Mrs Partington, "and how they fat upon it. For my part I shall always think it is owin' to the vittles. Air may do for camomiles, and other reptiles that live on it, but I know that men must have something substantialler."

HE never said a word,
But with a look of deepest melancholy,
He sat, like Patience on an ottoman,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on.

THE man that has nothing to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato plant, all the good belonging to him is under ground.

THE following has often been printed, but it will suffer none by being inserted in the "Readings."

Long after Washington's victories over the French and English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Dr. Franklin had chanced to dine with the French and English ambassadors, when, as nearly as can be remembered, the following toasts were drunk:

By the English ambassador—

"ENGLAND—The *Sun*, whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French ambassador, glowing with national pride, but too polite to dispute the "premises" of the previous toast, drank—

"FRANCE—The *Moon*, whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in the darkness, and making even their dreariness beautiful."

The American ambassador, Dr. Franklin, then rose, and, with his usual simplicity, said—

"GEORGE WASHINGTON—The *Joshua* who commanded the *Sun* and *Moon* to stand still, and they obeyed him."

THE POOR LITTLE LION.—The New York Independent has the following from a mother :

“ But did I tell you what a time I had with my little Joe ? ”

“ No ; what was it ? ”

“ Why I was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was.

“ ‘ Ma,’ said he, all at once, ‘ oh, ma ! just look at that poor little lion, away behind there ; he wont get any.’ ”

JOHN RANDOLPH met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the sidewalk, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. “ I do,” said Randolph, stepping aside, and politely raising his hat. “ Pass on, sir, pass on.”

A YOUNG widow was asked why she was going to be married so soon after the death of her husband. “ Oh, la,” said she, “ I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of poor dear Tom.”

"CÆSAR AUGUSTUS, why am your legs like an organ-grinder?"

"Dun no, Mr. Sugarloaf. Why am dey?"

"Cos dey carries a monkey all around de streets."

A brick grazed the head of Mr. Sugarloaf, just as he disappeared round the corner.

DEAN SWIFT said, with an ingenuity of sarcasm which has never been surpassed, "I never knew a man in all my life who could not bear the misfortunes of another perfectly like a Christian."

AN Irishman, who had blistered his fingers in endeavoring to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, I'll niver git thim on till I wear thim a day or two."

ON leaving a room, endeavor to keep your face towards the company, so that you may give them no occasion to say ill-natured things behind your back.

LOVE is like a cigar, the longer it burns the less it burns.

"I SAY, Sambo, where does Squire Peters live?" asked a traveller of a boy who sat grinning and halancing himself on a rail.

"Turn up dat street, den pass dat pond, den turn to de right, den left, den strike off from de ole side of Marm Shed's house, and keep goin on where you sees Phillis in de corn field, and you can't help missin' it."

A SHORT cut to metaphysics, according to Punch, is the following: "What is the matter? Never mind." "What is mind? No matter?"

A LADY asked a gentleman, suffering with the influenza, "My dear sir, what do you take for your cold?" "Ten pocket handkerchiefs a day, madam."

"I AM afraid that I shall come to want," said an old lady to a young gentleman. "I have come to want already," was the reply. "I want your daughter."

MRS. TWADDLE says one of her children don't know nothing, and the other one does. The question now is, which boy is ahead?

AN Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied:

"Oh, me preach."

"Preach!" said a bystander, "and do you get paid for it?"

"Sometimes me get a shillin', sometimes two shillin'."

"And isn't that mighty poor pay?"

"Oh, yes, but it's mighty poor preachin'."

SUSPICIOUS tailor to suspected customer.—

"Make you a coat, sir? Oh, yes sir, with the greatest pleasure. There, just stand in that position, please, and look right upon that sign while I take your measure."

Sign reads, "Terms Cash."

A GEM is *Savage's Family Sewing Machine*, and has already become familiar as a "household word." We make no untrue assertion when we say, that for simplicity in mechanism, beauty of construction, convenience of size, and general adaptation for family use, it leads the great variety of Sewing Machines. MR. L. S. RAYMOND, 722 Chestnut St. is the enterprising agent.